# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

**John Haynes Holmes**
*Editor in Chief*

**Louis L. Mann**
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## Frescoes

*By* ZONA GALE

## Why Need Men Ever Grow Old?

*By* JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND

## Whither Bound? The Practice of Utopian Medicine

*By* LEWIS J. SILVERS

## Tales from an Old Manse

*By* ELSIE BAKER ARGOW

VOLUME CIX NUMBER 2

Chicago, March 14, 1932

PRICE TEN CENTS

# UNITY

Established 1878

*Published Weekly October to June* — *Subscription $3.00*
*Published Bi-Weekly July to September* — *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 30, 1931, at the Post office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"*



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## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### Comments from Geneva

[From Our Special Correspondent]

*The Conference for the Reduction and Limitation of Armaments,* Feb. 2.—Does it mark the end of an old era or the beginning of a new? Is the sun rising or setting? Personally, I think it is always sun-up. So, to me there were many signs of morning when Arthur Henderson opened the first meeting of the kind in the history of mankind. Over 500 delegates from over 60 nations listened to his address. Over 500 journalists also were listening. Millions probably were listening over the radio. Before the Conference was but one question—what to do with the armaments of the world. These delegates and substitutes expect to remain in Geneva for weeks, perhaps for months, to solve the problem of armament, never yet solved.

* * *

*The hall* in which the Conference is held, might, for plainness, be a huge Quaker meeting-house. The delegates are seated on a level floor. The chairman and a bevy of assistants are on a high tribune. The journalists are in a gallery, running round the assembly. Every word is translated from French to English, or the reverse, as the case may require. Each delegate and journalist is furnished with an instrument, which will supply him with French or English, as he may choose. Each delegate has a desk. The arrangement of the desks is such to remind one of a schoolroom.

* * *

*The President's address* was, in part, historical, of attempts, of successes and failures. Before this Conference was the chance to "arrive at a collective agreement to secure substantial reduction and limitation; to determine that no armament may be maintained outside the scope of that treaty; and insure continuity of advance toward our ultimate goal of securing freedom and peace for all mankind." It was a good address in that no antagonisms were aroused. The delegates were made to believe that they were in the line of historical succession of those who had worked valiantly for human good. Mr. Henderson will make a good chairman. His long experience in the ministry and politics will serve him well. He seemed honestly to believe that man is at the turning toward a new era.

* * *

*Moves forward smoothly* Several days have been spent in getting under way. The business has been to organize (1) a Credentials Committee, (2) Procedure Committee and (3) a Petitions Committee, as well as the election of fourteen Vice-Presidents. Nearly half the delegations forgot to bring accredited credentials! This will be easily corrected. Credentials from the Soviets and U. S. A. were in good shape! The election for Vice-Presidents proceeded by a member from each dele-

(*Continued on page* 32)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

Volume CIX MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1932 Number 2

## GOD THE ARCHITECT

Who Thou art I know not,
But this much I know:
Thou hast set the Pleiades
In a silver row;

Thou hast sent the trackless winds
Loose upon their way;
Thou hast reared a colored wall
'Twixt the night and day;

Thou hast made the flowers to bloom
And the stars to shine;
Hid rare gems of richest ore
In the tunneled mine;

But chief of all Thy wondrous works,
Supreme of all Thy plan,
Thou hast put an upward reach
Into the heart of man.

—*Harry Kemp*

---

The militarists are declaring that the Japanese piratical expedition into Asia constitutes the bankruptcy of pacifism. We cannot think so! The attack upon Shanghai no more bankrupts pacifism than the German invasion of Belgium in 1914. To be sure, we think the Japanese affair an instance of freebooting in comparison with which the German affair was a polite, well-ordered and wholly legitimate parade. But as phases of offensive war, they are much the same, at least from the standpoint of this pacifism we are talking about. But why should pacifists be suddenly disturbed or demoralized today? There is nothing new or strange in what Japan has done. It is simply the same old story, repeated now for the thousandth or ten thousandth time. And pacifism remains what it has been from the beginning—the one valid answer to this sort of challenge. The first aspect of this answer is that we shall not go to war with Japan. No "little Belgium" arguments any more! No big war all around the world to make a million times worse the small war now raging in one corner of the world! We have learned something, in other words, since 1914. Pacifism is strong enough at least to keep humanity sane and sober in an hour of dread alarm. And why should we interfere to defeat Japan, when Japan is defeating herself? Nippon is far advanced on the road to ruin. She shall perish by the sword that she hath taken. Which is pacifism again justified of its gospel! What is deplorable in the present situation is the failure of the peace forces of the world to take that action for the coordination and direction of peace sentiment which would have created an atmosphere and conceived a program certain to have blocked Japan before she got started. The League of Nations, and the various nations composing the League, and the United States, have failed to do what it was well within their power to do pacifically. But this is a failure not of pacifism but of governments? For when were governments ever pacifistic? No, pacifism is as sound a doctrine as ever. Only its task still remains—to convert the world to its ideals!

---

We are heartily in favor of the bill for Philippine independence recently introduced into the Senate by report of the Committee on Insular Affairs. Its first and fundamental virtue is that it fixes definitely the date for the fulfilment of America's solemn promise to the Filipinos that they should be free. This, after all the shilly-shallying of the last quarter of a century and more, is worth all of the fifteen years set as the interim period during which the Islanders shall get ready for their emancipation. For what is fifteen years in a matter of final achievement of this sort? It may seem long—a decade and a half!—to impatient hot-bloods. But in the perspective of the ages, of the indefinite period of centuries during which the Filipinos will be free, it seems like a single tick upon the clock of time. Then, too, this period can be wisely used, in ways provided by the Senate bill. Thus, a constitution can be written and the machinery of government established. This done, at the end of ten years, tariffs would be raised both by the United States and the Philippine Islands. This would give five years to make the delicate industrial adjustments which constitute perhaps the most difficult part of the new arrangement. Of course, there would be a referendum to be passed, according to the bill—a feature which we regard as both mischievous and unnecessary! But this aspect of the matter is not serious. Of course, if we had our way, we should grant the Philippines independence tomorrow—or at least as soon as a constitution could be written and put into effect. But we

realize the enormous difficulty of getting anything done in a matter of this kind, and the very especial difficulty in this case created by the Japanese assault upon Asia. So we welcome this Senate bill, and hope for its speedy passage.

---

Dorothy Thompson, in her new book on Hitler, declares that "fifteen million Germans can be wrong" in their adoration of this man. She has had the great advantage of meeting and talking with Hitler, and she pronounces upon him the verdict that he is a weakling. She sees him as no better than a kind of combination of William Jennings Bryan and Aimee McPherson. This is emphatic as well as picturesque testimony, but we question its accuracy. When we entered Germany last summer, we also felt that Hitler was a demogogue, a whirling dervish of revolt. But we found good and ample reason for changing this opinion before we came away. From various sources, both friendly and unfriendly, we gathered impressive evidence of this man's capacity. Everybody, even Miss Thompson, recognizes his oratorical power. This in itself is no mean source of influence and leadership, as witness Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirabeau, Pitt, and Gladstone. It is "the thing," these days, to despise the power of the spoken word, but like fire it may burn and on occasion destroy. But Hitler is not merely an orator. He has the true leader's knowledge of men, sense of direction, and force of control. Hitler has a program—he knows exactly what he proposes to do. And he has the frenzied support of millions of young Germans which could not be won, much less held, by any such piece of putty as that depicted by Miss Thompson. We fear Hitler, exactly as we despise him, for the evil he has done and can yet do. We count him the one most dangerous influence in Europe today. For this reason we think it mere folly to under-rate this man's capacity. Remember Mussolini! For years we called him lightly a mere charlatan and wild adventurer, and glibly prophesied his early fall. But here he is, still with us—a dominating power because himself a man of power! We cannot believe that Hitler is a second Mussolini. Two such men do not come in one age! But we propose to do what Germans of all classes and parties do—take Hitler seriously, and thus be prepared for the future.

---

What would Lincoln Steffens say today, if he were to visit and describe again our American cities? Would "shame" be a strong enough word to summarize the situation? A generation ago the politicians were at least able to keep things going. Even under their crude and corrupt control, government functioned. But today, either because the bosses and their henchmen are utter incompetents or because they have exceeded all safe limits of stealing, administration has broken down, and anarchy stands waiting to do its work. Chicago is crashing into chaos first because, for two decades at least, this city has been the scene of the boldest plundering in America. Now, apparently, there has come the day of reckoning. The hosts of smaller public officials—school teachers, patrolmen, firemen, clerks—have gone unpaid for months. With hundreds of millions of taxes uncollected, the city treasury is empty and debts are piled mountain high. The Mayor, at last desperate, is discharging office-holders whose salaries he cannot pay, is talking of closing whole city departments, and even threatens to close the city hall. Meanwhile, relief funds are failing (or have been stolen!), the hungry unemployed are crying for help, and the armed militia is on call to suppress rioting and mob outbreaks. What is thus at last acute in Chicago is in a more or less feverish stage of development in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, and many smaller cities. In dozens of cases—Fall River, Massachusetts, for example—municipalities have gone into bankruptcy and been taken over by the state. It is interesting to note how, when all other resources fail, these blundering and plundering political machines turn to the states for help. It was only when the Illinois Legislature adjourned without heeding his frantic appeals, that the Mayor of Chicago began to take action. The Mayor of New York, in a like situation, which bankers later relieved, actually had the effrontery to turn to Washington and ask for an appropriation. At last, after decades of debauchery, the chickens have come home to roost. For the cynic it is a delightful spectacle, with no pity exacted either for the politicians who have stolen nor for indifferent citizens who have acquiesced.

---

Our "wet" friends are always arguing that all our ills are due to Prohibition. Erase the 18th Amendment, they say, and adopt the Canadian system, or the straight-out European system, for that matter, and all will be well. But it doesn't seem to work that way, excepting in theory. Facts, with which the "wets" have not even a speaking acquaintance, point to quite a different conclusion. There is the worry about our young people, for example, and their cocktail parties. These are all due, of course, to Prohibition! But are they? Great Britain proves just the contrary, as see a recent report of the British Liquor Commission, which says:

> We have been impressed by the evidence put before us as to the growth of the cocktail habit among young people of both sexes.

Well, well! So in whiskey-soaked England, as well as in "dry" America, the younger generation is "on the loose!" But recent statistics from the Dominion of Canada, always cited by American "wets" as the model of liquor control, are the most impressive. We

quote from the Toronto *Daily Star,* as reported in the *Christian Century*:

> The number of persons imprisoned in Ontario (during the five years since the Canadian system went into effect) increased by 61 per cent, imprisonments for drunkeness by 60 per cent, convictions for assault by 62 per cent, convictions for rape by 73 per cent, and conviction for breach of the liquor law by 220 per cent.

Canada is surely solving the problem, isn't she? Note especially that last item, which shows conclusively how the repeal of Prohibition ends the menace of lawlessness! But let us take the figures for all of Canada. They are as follows:

> . . . increases of 55 per cent in convictions for drunkenness, 544 per cent in convictions for driving while intoxicated, 93 per cent in liquor law violations, 113 per cent in minor offenses, and 52 per cent in major offenses.

This is a great record. We wonder that our "wet" friends do not refer to it more often. Which reminds us! We haven't been hearing as much about Canada lately as we used to hear. Is it possible that the "wets" are really facing facts, and not merely feeding appetite?

---

The one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Crabbe, just celebrated in England by such men as Dean Inge and John Masefield, brings again to mind a poet who, if not distinguished, was worthy. Crabbe belonged fundamentally to the school of Gray, Cowper, Goldsmith, and Wordsworth, rather than of Scott, Shelley, Byron and Keats. His poems were reflective, didactic, simple, full of appreciation of nature, and quick in sympathy with humane sentiments of justice and freedom. It is amazing to note how these poets of nature, as Pancoast points out in his "Introduction to English Literature," were all of them "equally poets of the spirit of a widening humanity." Thus Gray, in his charming "Elegy," offered a tribute to the value and beauty of the humble lives of the poor. Goldsmith, in his "Deserted Village," in spite of all his sentimentalization of village life, voiced wrath against the wealth and luxury which devoured the labor of the peasant. Wordsworth not only revealed the spiritual significance of natural scenes, but the right of the people to larger freedom and nobler life. Now Crabbe was essentially a member of this group. He was a realist to the core, his poetic lines hard bitten by the facts of misery in the life of the country poor which he knew so well. He did not hesitate to paint ugly and terrible as well as homely scenes. In the opening lines of his masterpiece, "The Village," he deliberately breaks with the familiar pastoral school of his day—

> I paint the cot
> As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not.

In such writing, Crabbe was a pioneer of the social feeling which was destined to achieve such deeds in the succeeding century. He belongs, therefore, not only with his literary contemporaries, but with such political and social reformers as Robert Owen, William Cobbett, and the later Chartists. Not a great poet, as Wordsworth and Keats were great, George Crabbe was a great spirit, and the anniversary of his passing well deserves the praise of grateful memory.

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## Frescoes

### I

This is one of the American stories which make Europeans gasp.

Years ago an immigrant boy landed in New York. In these days he would have been turned back, would not have been allowed to land in this country, for he had only five cents in his pocket. But in those days he landed, worked at odds and ends until he had accumulated enough to buy a pack of what used to be called "Yankee notions." Also he had accumulated a few words of English, unknown to him when he set out from Galicia. With his pack and his few words he stormed New York, sold his pins and needles, bought more, and worked his way on foot to Philadelphia. Then he heard about Wisconsin, to which many had flocked after '48, because Wisconsin's requirement for citizenship was one year less than that of most of the other states. In Wisconsin, he went to New Glaurus, where one of the many early communal experiments was under way—Owenites, Fourierites and others having established at Cisco, New Glaurus and elsewhere some picturesque settlements. It was in New Glaurus that the immigrant boy settled. Everybody liked him. As he went with his pack on his back, if he came to a farm yard whose gate bore a sign "No peddlers allowed," he would take a piece of chalk and write underneath the words "except Sol"—his own name. When an irate farmer would ask him if he couldn't read, Sol would lead him to the gate and tell him that he had read quite correctly. And he was so winning and simple, that the farmer usually bought from his pack, and then invited him for dinner.

His personality and his industry and his keenness were his only assets on earth.

One day he went into a bank and noted for the first time a name on a bank note—the name of the president of that bank. Sol sought out the president and stood before him wide-eyed, pointing to the bill, and asking:

"How long do I have to be in this country before I can sign my name to money?"

The bank president had no patience with such

ignorance, and told the boy bluntly that he must be a fool.

Thirty years later Sol—who is Solomon Levitan—was made president of the Commercial National bank in Madison, Wisconsin. The very first bank note which bore his signature as president, was a one dollar bill, which he made haste to send to this old bank president, with a brief letter saying:

"Now you see that I was not such a fool, after all."

Now Solomon Levitan is serving his fourth term as state treasurer of Wisconsin, a LaFollette Progressive Republican. He has usually run ahead of his ticket, and once he carried every county in the state. He has a great farm and makes famous Swiss cheese. And he is as naive and direct as the immigrant boy who made his way by his wits.

II

One of the wonders of the Chicago exposition will be Buckminster Fuller's building, erected on a new principle of architecture. Mr. Fuller says that always we have used the principal of compression, whereas the reasonable principle is that of suspension, as now employed in bridges. His building will have one, two or three tall masts, from which the floors will be suspended—solidly, as is the floor of a bridge. The building is circular, and is vase-shaped or tulip-shaped, and all the walls will be movable, so that the size of the rooms shall be adjustable. Such a building may be employed for offices or for apartments, in either case having a garage in the basement. And in either case the walls will be translucent, flowing with light—so that the whole building will resemble, though the result will be differently effected, the facade of the present Merchandise Mart, in Chicago. The streets of a city of tomorrow, lined by buildings so lighted, will make a town comparable to nothing which we now know.

The final touch of tomorrow in the building will concern its uses for apartments. For then it will have on its top floor a play-room for children, equipped with television.

"It will be important," Mr. Fuller says, "for American children to be able to watch at their play the children of India, China and Australia and the islands."

III

John O'Hara Cosgrave's "Academy of Souls" is one of the most interesting of recent books. With a multitude, including Plotinus, Socrates, the saints and now the modern scientists, Mr. Cosgrave shares the opinion that we are living on the edges of our consciousness. That the future holds for us definite extensions of perception and awareness, which shall be as natural and usable as our present areas of intelligence. And he believes that instead of waiting placidly for this thing to occur to the race, there is a well-defined technique to be arrived at, by those who will devote to it their energies, directed to this end. A technique of conduct, of attitude, of meditation. The book is a kind of exposition of these laboratory methods towards this end. The book is clear, intelligible and revealing. To those who have long known and sought to practise these methods, the book offers much that is new and all that is heartening. To those on whom the idea may be but just dawning, Mr. Cosgrave's presentment will be awakening and stimulating.

IV

A wise man said "Everything is a thought first." Seed of peace, seed of prosperity, seed of a new day—all in a thought. If only there were enough of us to think that thought!

V

Professor Glenn Clark of St. Paul is the author of a booklet called "Twelve Parable Miracles of Answered Prayer." These are parables of moderns concerned in happenings which reveal the working of fundamental and eternal principle—and Professor Clark sets forth clearly and simply his use of this principle. He helps others to that which is their own by seeing them whole, possessed of God; and by feeling for them only love. It is as simple as that. "To help a man, love him unselfishly. To save a man, love him unselfseekingly. Give him away to the Father."

Some years ago an article called "The Soul's Sincere Desire," by Professor Clark, was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He explained that a miracle is but the outward sign of something that has happened in the soul; that the mind must not be occupied by the wish for the miracle, but by the sincere desire for this change within. And that one helps another by seeing that change as having taken place, and by seeing that one as belonging to God, and therefore as an object of love, and loved.

Unquestionably this technique touches at deep springs which the race has tapped hardly at all. Professor Clark's address is 1787 Goodrich Avenue, St. Paul.

VI

The Macmillan Company is doing a great bit of work in the publication of a little paper for high schools. Too much reading and discussing of murders and orientation to the "funnies" are among the occupations of high school boys and girls. But here is a small paper giving the news of the world, in terms for the young people of the world. All the conferences and parleys, the conventions and occupations, resignations and appointments, candidates and near-candidates are explained concisely and tellingly, pictured and cartooned—and the little sheet is the best type of illustrated weekly—done compactly and de-

lightfully. News of science, literature, the arts, rare books, travel and adventure are boiled down and delightfully presented. There is always a "Man of the Week"—and the editorials are provocative. This high school paper, called the *News Review,* is an asset to every high school in the country. The pictorial and manufacturing end is done by the New York *Times,* which otherwise has nothing to do with this Macmillan publication.

VII

Jenkin Lloyd Jones spoke many eternal words. One should quote once a day his: "The world's greatest need is a sense of the intangible."

ZONA GALE.

## Jottings

The automobile shows, conducted in early January in the leading cities of the country, drew the largest attendance in the history of the industry (according to newspaper reports!) and stimulated buying to such an amazing extent (according to newspaper reports!) that it was made positive the depression was past. The new models were irresistible, replacements were imperative, money was easier, prosperity was just around the corner, etc., etc., etc.!

New York *Herald-Tribune* (February 27th): "Automobile output has dropped 3 full points (for the week ending February 20th)."

---

If industry is to be restored, the buying power of the public must be increased. This is the reason, we imagine, why Congress is proposing a sales-tax!

---

In England, they lift the banner, *"Buy British."* This is Patriotism!

In India, they lift the banner, *"Buy Indian."* This is Treason!

---

A tongue is a great tool for digging a political grave. Presidential candidates are using this tool with astonishing effectiveness these days.

---

Governor Roosevelt has declared that he and "Al" Smith are "extraordinary friends." This is an accurate phrase. We have not seen such "extraordinary friends" since the "extraordinary" friendship between Smith and McAdoo.

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DEFINITIONS: (4) *National Honor.* A push-button to start the machinery of war.

J. H. H.

## Why Need Men Ever Grow Old?*

Old age is not a matter of years. Counting by years, some of the oldest men in the world have not reached what is called middle life. They are old because they are old in soul. The soul is the true measure.

As soon as the freshness and interest is gone out of one's life, he is old.

As soon as one wants the years or the days to hurry by, or as he begins to think and talk about "killing time," he is getting old.

As soon as a man makes up his mind that the deepest human motive is selfishness, or that every man has his price, he is old; his heart is withered.

As soon as a man begins to suspect everybody's sincerity, he is old; his soul is wrinkled, whatever may be the appearance of his cheek. I know of nothing more dreadful than such premature and unnatural old age as comes from living selfishly and on the surface of life, until all that is noblest and deepest had faded away and has come to seem an unreality.

The man who lacks faith, whether faith in truth, or in justice, or in his fellow-man, or in himself, or in God, is aging in heart; weakness and decrepitude are creeping into his soul.

There are still other marks of real old age—old age of the heart and mind. As soon as the tender green of the grass or the gold of the dandelion or the witchery of the falling snowflake ceases to be a joy to one, he is aging.

He who habitually looks backward, instead of forward, is old; no matter if he has seen only twenty years of time.

He who is interested in nothing new is old.

He who sees Eden in the past, and who thinks the former times were better than these, is old.

He who distrusts the young, and thinks the great men are all dying off, with none to take their place, is old.

He who is timid and afraid to undertake new enterprises is old.

The pessimist is old. The skeptic and the cynic are old. The habitual fault-finder and complainer is old.

The man or woman or child who looks habitually on the dark side of things, and always thinks it is going to rain or snow or storm, is old.

The person, no matter how young he may be in years, who has made up his mind that he is unlucky, and that "when his bread and butter falls on the floor it always falls butter side down," is already old.

He who does not care for children is old. He to whom the laughter of children is not music is old. If a man has children and does not play with them and enjoy the play, he is old, and may well ask himself, "Am I really their father? Am I not their grandfather?"

*The author of this article, as our readers will remember, recently celebrated his 90th birthday.—Ed.

He who does not enjoy humor, and whose face seldom smiles, is old.

He who never has time to stop and hear a bird sing, or to admire a sweet flower, is old.

He to whom a rupee is of more value than an uplifting thought is very old and very poor.

Thus we see that old age of the mind and heart—the only kind that any of us need much to dread—has little to do with years. It is well nigh as likely to come at forty or thirty or twenty as at seventy or eighty. In comparison with this kind of old age how little is to be feared the aging of the body! For in the oldest body may dwell the youngest spirit.

Another serious mistake often made regarding old age—the old age of years I mean—is to think of it as necessarily an idle or inactive or unproductive period in life. The truth is, some of the very best work of the world has been done and is being done today by persons far on in years. Take away from history the great achievements of men above sixty, or seventy, or eighty, and the world would suffer an irreparable loss. Writes Longfellow, in his *Mirituri Salutamus,* a poem composed in his old age:

> Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
> Wrote his grand Aedipus, and Simonides
> Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
> When each had numbered more than four score years.
> And Theophrastus at four score and ten,
> Had but begun his Characters of Men;
> Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
> At sixty wrote his Canterbury Tales;
> Goethe, at Wiemar, toiling to the last,
> Completed Faust when eighty years were passed.

There is scarcely a beginning of the long and splendid list of achievements of men far on in life.

The artistic and literary genius of Michael Angelo was little if at all dimmed at the age of eighty-three, as is shown by the exquisite sonnets, the fine architectural drawings and the noble models for sculpture produced by him at that advanced age.

Linnaeus was still a devoted bontanist at seventy-seven, and exclaimed, "I am happier in my work than the king of Persia!"

Humboldt kept young to ninety in scientific studies and publishing the results of his scientific investigations.

Gladstone was holding the office of Prime Minister of Great Britain at eighty-three, and fighting one of the most strenuous political battles of his life, that over Irish Home Rule; and at eighty-seven he was addressing great meetings all up and down England to arouse public sentiment in favor of the suffering Armenians.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the distinguished Jewish philanthropist, carried on his works of beneficence almost to the time of his death at the great age of one hundred and one, and made the last of his seven notable journeys to the Orient in the interest of the Jewish people when he was nearly ninety.

James Martineau continued his literary productivity until beyond ninety, and gave to the world his three greatest books after he was eighty.

Victor Hugo continued to write on with wonderful freshness and power almost to the time of his death at eighty-three, and declared at the last, "I have not yet given expression to a hundredth part of what is in me."

Tennyson gave to the world his exquisite "Crossing the Bar" at eighty.

At eighty-five and beyond Edward Everett Hale was Chaplain of the United States Senate; he was at the same time a writer wielding a pen prolific and powerful beyond almost any other in the nation, and a leader in nearly every great movement for reform and for educational, social and religious progress in the country.

At far beyond eighty Count Tolstoy was writing with vigor, penetration and power surpassed by no author of modern Europe.

General William Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, continued until beyond eighty to tour about the world with as much spirit and to push forward the work of the Army in all lands with as much energy as he had shown thirty years earlier.

Nor are achievements in advanced age confined to men. Women have their full part.

Queen Victoria carried the heavy responsibilities of her high position until the age of eighty-two.

Mary Somerville published her able and valuable work on Molecular and Microscopical Science at the age of eighty-nine.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts continued her active and far-reaching work in charities and philanthropy until almost the time of her death at the age of ninety-three.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe maintained until past ninety her keen interest in the progress of the world and vigorous literary and philanthropic activity. She spent a part of her ninety-first birthday reading Greek and a part pleading before a Boston Scientific Commission for pure milk for babies. She said, "The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows —the sugar at the bottom."

Age is a relative term. The point in life at which people begin to regard themselves old is largely a matter of custom. If a foolish custom fixes the time of the coming on of old age as at seventy or sixty or even fifty, the majority of people are likely, simply because others do so, weakly and foolishly to consent, creep into a corner, and regard their active years as over. Thus one-third of life, and what should be the best third, is lost. We want a new psychology which will make men and women everywhere think of old age as beginning at least twenty or thirty years later than they have been imagining.

Within two or three generations the average length of life in civilized lands has increased more than a decade, and is now in America, and several of the countries of Europe, above fifty years. This is only a beginning of what should be before us. Careful students and great scientific authorities are insisting that the average of life ought to rise to sixty years, if not considerably more, and that we ought to see quite as many persons living to be ninety and a hundred years old as we now see living to be seventy and eighty.

Professor Metchnikoff tells us that we should live to the age of one hundred and forty; that not one man in a million now completes his normal life period; that by simple and natural living and by obedience to the laws of physical and mental health our lives may be not only enormously prolonged but prolonged in vigor and under conditions ensuring happiness and productivity; and that a man who dies at seventy is cut off in the very flower of his days.

As already urged, the growing old process is something which should appertain mainly if not wholly to

the body, and only to a very limited extent if at all to the soul. Of course my body must in time become worn out,—it was only designed for a limited amount of service. When that service has been rendered I shall lay it aside as a garment no longer required. But my body is not my Self.

Emerson on the seventy-seventh anniversary of his birth received a letter from Professor Max Muller of Oxford, the English translator of many of the Sacred Books of the East, bringing birthday greetings and containing a striking passage from an ancient Upanishad of India, recently discovered. The passage was as follows:

> Old age and decay laid hold of the body, the senses, the memory, the mind, but never of the Self, the Looker-on. The Self never grows tired: only the body grows tired of supporting the Self. The Self never grows blind: only the windows of the senses become darkened with dust and rain. The Self never forgets: only the inscriptions on the memory fade, and it is well that much should be forgotten.

Sometimes we pity the old because the years remaining to them are few. But if they have lived their lives well, serving their generation and keeping their souls undaunted, why should we pity them? Rather let us congratulate them that they have attained; that they have completed their task; gone through their full day; rounded life's earthly circle; made entire what otherwise would have been only a fragment. Surely Browning's view must be the true one, because he contemplates life as a whole. How splendid and inspiring is his challenge:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made:
> Our times are in his hand
> Who saith, "A whole I planned,
> Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid."

In a life lived as it ought to be I think that growing old may well be thought of as resembling the progress of a river. As the river advances toward the sea it ripples and dances less with laughter and song; it grows stiller and calmer; but it also grows wider and deeper; and it bears richer freight on its bosom.

I think that growing old ought to be like the climbing of a mountain. Every step takes us a little higher; the air becomes purer; the view grows wider and wider, until at last our feet attain the summit, the mysterious but splendid

> . . . mountain-top of death,
> Where we may draw diviner breath
> And see the long-lost friends we love.

The thing to be most feared in connection with growing old is the possibility of an aging soul. Do you ask how you may avoid this?

One thing you must do first, last and all the while. Refuse ever to think of old age as having a claim upon any part of you except your body. Of your soul, your Self, say resolutely and always: I am young I shall always be young. Of course my body must grow old, because it is of the dust. But what of that? I am not of the dust, I am spirit; I am a child of God and of the eternities.

Other things also you must do.

Learn that age is a time when men and women should have leisure and quiet and rest. Retire earlier. Avoid excitements; indulge in no stimulants; simplify your life.

Learn to play once more. You played in childhood and youth, and found joy in it; if you would keep young in spirit, you must play in old age.

Plan for yourself a reasonable amount of amusements and recreations. These are to the mind what sleep is to the body; they rest and refresh. As the body requires more rest in age than in earlier life, so does the mind.

Your recreations should not be so strenuous as in your younger years, but you never needed recreations more than now. Choose those adapted to your strength, those that exhilarate and do not exhaust, those that you can put your heart into and really enjoy, as far as possible those that will take you out of doors, and as a rule those that are simple.

Socrates in old age learned to play a musical instrument.

Gladstone at eighty-seven learned to ride a bicycle.

George Bancroft kept up his daily habit of horseback riding almost to the time of his death at ninety.

I know an old man who to the surprise of himself and his friends and to the great joy of his grandchildren, has become (in their eyes at least) a wonderful story-teller. In his younger days he never told stories, and never attemped to do so; he thought he had no time, and was sure he had no gift. But later in life, when he had more leisure and had become a grandfather, and when three or four small boys and girls thronged about him and climbed on his knees and his chair begging for stories, he began to try. The grandchildren were delighted, and the gift grew by exercise; and now the verdict is that there never was such a story-teller as grandfather. If the stories are the joy of the children, what have they done for him? They have created within him a new heart, and made him young again.

If you would keep young, interest yourself in new things, new lines of thought, new lines of reading. Within your limit of strength, begin new enterprises. No matter if you have only a year before you, or a day, begin; make the most of the time you have left.

Lighten your cares and responsibilities, but keep such responsibilities as you have strength for. Thus your life will preserve its incentives, its dignity, and its meaning. Lighten your labor, but do not cease from labor. Remember that idleness means emptiness of mind, discontent and despondency, and therefore almost certainly the shortening of one's days.

Care for things beyond yourself. Dig wells in the desert for others to drink. Plant trees to give shade and fruit to others after you are gone.

Believe in progress. Be a forward looker. Believe in the coming generation. Believe that after you, better men and women will come and take up the work which you lay down, and carry it on to results larger and better than you can understand.

Keep alive your interest in what is going on in the great world. If you read fewer papers than once you did, read better ones. As much as you can, read books. Read the dear old books that you have loved in the past; and, among new books, read especially such as show the onward march of the race. These are the thoughts and things that will keep the fountain of youth open and flowing in your soul.

Keep alive your interest in your neighbors and in society around you; mingle with others; cherish friendships. Let the fact that your old friends are growing fewer be a reason for prizing those that remain. And make new friends, especially among the young.

Open your heart, as Jesus did his, to children; seek

their society; let them know that you are their lover. And their answering love, their joy, their laughter and the sunshine of their faces will have a marvellous power to keep your soul youthful.

Love is the most effective of all antidotes against old age. Forever are the words of Emerson true:

> Love wakes anew this trembling heart,
> And we are never old:
> Over the winter glaciers
> I see the summer glow,
> And through the well-piled snow drifts
> The warm rosebuds blow.

Be sure to cherish and nourish love in every possible form. Keep all the fountains of affection in your life open and flowing; let none get clogged even for a day by indifference or carelessness or selfishness. Love is life. It is the very highest kind of life: it is the life of God in the soul. "Every one that loveth is born of God."

The very humblest and simplest love is the road leading straight to Heaven. All the gates of the Celestial City fly open when Love rings her bells of gold. And best fact of all, the heavens and celestial cities that love leads to have not to be waited for until death is passed: they ask to be allowed to spring up for us on every side in this world, wherever we go and wherever we stay.

Love nature; keep companionship with her. Love the sunshine; live in the sunshine. Watch for the coming of the first spring flowers and the first spring robin. Never miss a beautiful sunset. Gaze often and long at the night stars, that their benediction and their peace may fall upon your spirit. Thus your soul may defy old age.

Above all, believe that your life is divine, and that the world is divine. Learn how near God is.

Believe that the stars shine with his light; that your pulse beats with his life; that your heart's love is a drop that has come to you from the great Infinite Loving Heart.

Trim the lamp of your faith in immortality; pour abundant oil into it. How? By living nobly. The diviner your life, the more clearly you will see that it is God's life in you, and so the surer you will be that it cannot be extinguished.

Believe that there is a providence of good over you and over the world wise enough and great enough to weave your weaknesses and shortcomings, and your old age and your death, and the old age and death of your loved ones, into a splendid web-of-cloth-of-gold whose eternal meaning is Life and Love.

JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND.

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# Whither Bound?

## The Practice of Utopian Medicine

Having sworn allegiance to the Dictum of Hippocrates, our diplomas slung cautiously beneath our robed arms, we begin a voyage over an uncharted, fathomless sea. We are cast adrift, our ship more heavily laden than ever. Our cargo more precious and beneficent than heretofore, grows daily less certain of its destination. Trade winds, temporarily favorable, direct us for a spell toward a hoped-for goal. At that crucial moment when port seems within easy reach, our propelling forces fail us and we are left foundering in the calm.

Whatever the cause of our present predicament may be, we each of us realize that economically as well as socially we have been at the mercy of the winds. We make our landing, favorable or unfavorable, wherever the gusts will blow us. Some few make good and fortunate landing. The vast majority, however, are blown towards crowded, over-populated shores, whose rocky edifices too often prove to be as barren and unfriendly as they are towering. We depend still on an archaic and impracticable Mother Fortune. When we consider how scientifically we have been nurtured, we note how miserly we are in taking advantage of that profound early training. Most of us fail in rightfully inspiring others in our capacity for doing good. Many, unmolested, prey upon the more credulous and uninformed laity. The latter group constitutes the foundation of our cults and fads and isms. We must no longer blind ourselves to the attitude of the vast lay population. It is no longer enough for us to just know how to treat the sick; it is now of paramount importance that we regain the confidence of those to be treated.

The present lack of cooperation within the ranks of the profession is significant of but one poignant fact, the fact that many of us fail to grasp the magnitude and the gravity of the problem that confronts us. We trust, most haphazardly, in the age-worn, economic adage of supply and demand; a most uncertain and unscientific principle, when human life and welfare are at stake. Lay organizations and periodicals, either by affront, or perhaps inadvertently, are doing us inestimable damage. In a survey of recent publications, we find unscrupulous doctors, failures in their calling, blaspheming the righteous cause of medicine. These manifestly erudite articles are read by the highly intelligent middle classes; those who entrust themselves to our care and upon whom we depend for our very existence. The captious sentiment engendered in the minds of these potential patients needs no elucidation. The unfairness of it all is the fact that these animadversions are cast by those who have been compelled to desert our ranks.

We have run headlong into the midst of a great economic maelstrom; testing whether our social structure, as it exists at present, can long be expected to endure. Our ship, heavily laden, lists from starboard to port; many have been washed away by the turbulent waves. Those who are either too weak or who are unable to swim, are quickly engulfed by its cyclonic fury. Those who, perchance, are stronger, hold on for dear life, lest they, also, may economically perish before the storm abates. Few will emerge unscathed by its rigorous onslaught. Long after the present cataclysm is over, will we note in its wake the devastation, both mental and physical, which will inevitably ensue.

Let us then put aside our antiquated modus operandi. Most of us recognize only that which is overt and to the point. The work of the average plumber is appreciated and praised, even though Mother Nature aids the plumber in corroding the very pipes he has so recently installed. We, in preventing disease and its many sequelæ, are destroying intentionally our very means of subsistence. Were we considered as bene-

factors of humanity, and some few still cling to this anomalous idea, perhaps a considerable number of us might feel sufficiently compensated thereby to carry on with the dance. But when we are maligned by the laity, as well as by some of our own fraternity, then it is indeed high time to take cognizance of the situation.

What, then, is the possible way out of this economic and social upheaval? The solution is not as simple as it may appear to be to the uninitiated. State medicine, though probably inevitable, is our "bete noir." It is to be considered only as that towering black precipice from which there can be no turning. Like unto a curmudgeon, the State is as yet unwilling to assume the responsibilities of the healing art and is still less willing to properly compensate for its many exigencies. A pleasanter alternative would be group practice. Economically, this private form of pay clinic works out most advantageously to both physician and patient. The former, by reduced overhead, ready consultation and common laboratory facilities, can arrive at a diagnosis with a minimal amount of expense. The latter, under the guidance of his family physician and counsellor, receives the expert opinion of a group of specialists at a cost hardly commensurate with that which would be entailed by the services rendered. Saving both to doctor and patient would be considerable, as shown by the successful clinics now in operation.

As yet, however, we have not approached the truly *utopian* practice of medicine. We must still face the fundamental factor which operates to the detriment of the ideally noble practice of our profession; namely, the uncertainty of our income. Clustering into groups will in no wise make our source of income more certain. We who pursue the dictates of Aesculapius must avoid all economic foibles. We must be absolutely free of all mercenary interest in the really ideal practice of altruistic medicine.

With this end in view, we must be insured of our daily sustenance. This assurance could come automatically with our entrance into the medical fraternity. Just as we now have insurance for the injured workman and are about to have proposed insurance against unemployment; so may we have cooperative insurance for the qualifying doctor. By means of a common fund to which every doctor contributes we can amply supply those who are less fortunate in making a good landing, with the necessities of an economically perfect professional existence. United in purpose, we may then introduce into actual practice the postulates of Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd. The great advance made by science during the twentieth century has made possible that which our forefathers considered impossible. How infinitesimal then appears the surfeiting of our earthly needs, and a provision for the broadening of the individual along lines both cultural and scientific. The practice of medicine can become "adequate, effective and efficient" only when the doctor is freed from the shackles of the mercenary interest which now of necessity pervades the profession.

LEWIS J. SILVERS, M.S., M.D.

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### The Tears of Caiaphas

[A well-known English professor of the "Liberal" School of Imperialism, is reported as having said to Mahatma Gandhi:
"You do not consider for one moment that we Englishmen do not suffer when thousands of your countrymen suffer—that we are so heartless?"]

Remarked the Viceroy of India
(Pocketing sadly his £360 a week):
"I grieve for the starving millions
"Who must be taxed to maintain the unemployables
"Of the British aristocracy. I grieve for the children
"Opium-doped that their mothers may work in the mine
"(22½% tax free on the capital as increased by the share bonus in 1928 . . .)
"It must be hard indeed to live on three pence halfpenny a day. . ."

"Alas," cried the General at Amritsar,
As he ordered his troops to fire on the defenceless crowd,
"This hurts me more than I can say—
"But what else can I do consistent with my sense of dignity?"

"We are for the masses," said the British Labor Leaders,
"We are for Social justice and democracy.
"It is most unfortunate that Indians should have the same aspirations,
"Compelling us to shoot, beat and imprison them. . ."

"Martyrs of Meerut," said the professor.
"Hero-martyrs of Peshawar, victims of Sholapur,
"Women and children of Gujerat, who bear the marks of the lathi,
"Homeless peasants of Surat. . . Your many afflictions
"Make me regret profoundly the unfortunate necessities
"Of *Pax Britannica* and Law and Order. . ."

Then there fell two large tears from Heaven
Where Saint Caiaphas sits among the elders.
"It was," he sighed, "a most deplorable affair
"But (as I remarked to Ananias at the Crucifixion)
"What else could any Government have done?"

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

### Sacrificial Altars

There have been altars
Where warm pulsating flesh
Was offered to the fires of hatred,
And where youthful blood
Was poured as a libation
To the warlike Mars.

There are altars now
In factories—
Where frail bodies battle with machines;
In prisons—
Where men and women languish sunken-eyed
For daring to rekindle the embers of freedom;
In homes—
Where baby voices call for bread,
Where pale, unwanted children
Stretch forth their feeble arms in mute appeal
To pang-wracked mothers;
On these altars lie millions—
A sacrificial offering
To the demon Greed.

ETTA JOSEPHEAN MURFEY

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### A Prayer for Trust

Dear God make trust a candle in our hands,
To pierce the narrow dark of unbelief.
Brush from each mind, cobwebs of doubt and grief,
That laboring, we reap as Love commands.

Let every heart be as a window-pane
That may reflect God's gift of summer sun.
Each soul a torch, long set afire by One
Who teaches us no life is lived in vain.

May life be humble as the radiate moon
Which seeks through every day and purple night
Courageous hope of Sun; our silver light
But promise of God's greater gift of noon.

H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

## Tales from an Old Manse

" 'Tis the land of the free and the home of the brave." Poignantly there floated down from an upstairs room the thin treble of my nine-year-old, as I sat stunned in my chair, gazing at the morning paper in my lap.

Dead without ever a break, without ever a chance. Life only a lonely road that ended always, always in desert wastes, with the wish to do right, to be right, only a mirage; a subtle trick to foil and fool one always, always. . . .

The earliest memory that Jim Hall had was of a tiny boy rolling down a hill, laughing, with a lovely distressed blond lady looking down at him from above, beckoning. Next, a tenement house on the waterfront of an eastern city. A French woman, coarse, shriveled, hawk-like, clutching at a bottle, or clawing in his pockets to see what the rewards of the day had been for the curly haired Scandinavian child who had returned from his day of petty thieving, worn and spent, to gratefully lose himself in sweet dreams of rolling hills and a lovely mother.

A man came now and then; a thick-set little Italian. The cuffs and kicks of the woman were more frequent at such times so the tiny pockets must yield greater results each even-tide.

Nine years found him holding a torch to blow a safe or watching while the little thick-set Italian worked quickly and skilfully.

At thirteen a reformatory. At twenty free! At twenty a child of environment. Free! to be touched on the shoulder by a Burn's man and told to move on. Free! to move from city to city; from country to country, Lapland to Shanghai. Just a boy, shadowed and driven, with only a dream of rolling hills and a lovely lady beckoning. Thirty-four, and a link in the great chain that is the world beneath the world we know. A great active, living, pulsing world of those who have been caught and warped and crushed and bruised by the shuttle of life as it ceaselessly weaves, to and fro, and to and fro, in this world we do not see. Thirty-four and sent up for life. Not for a specific crime, but because he was a link—a convenient link on which to hang another's crime.

Fifty-two and free once more. . . . And life! ah life! Brutality and dives; for loyalty to one's kind, all one had, or all one ever knew—walls. Walls and a dream. Fifty-two, yes! A new suit and a new world. A world that was sixteen years different on the other side of those walls. Then—weeks of wandering to keep a jump ahead of "the hand on one's shoulder," to keep free from contacts with all that one knew. A lonely road that led one night, in the west, to an old manse and an understanding heart.

Plans perfected for a new road, a wiser road, a blessedly companioned road. Plans which must wait, however, two weeks for a sprained ankle to mend. Then—there it was again. The hand on one's shoulder. "Wanted for a safe blowing in Cleveland three weeks before." In a western city in an old manse keeping tryste that night with a dream, or again a convenient link! Which was real? Once on the lonely road there could be only one end—walls. They were all that were real—walls. . . .

Headlines on the paper in my lap. "Mob at White-House Gates. Militia Tense."—"Prison Fire. Jim Hall, Hero. Dies Saving Six. . . ." Life! Ah life! A lonely road without ever a break, without ever a chance. Death a door opened by a lovely lady who beckoned up to a road which led through fire to an end which was not walls, but strangely enough an endless beginning that was ever new in understanding. "Mob at White-House Gates."——"Jim Hall, Hero." Dear God, thought I, not Italy—not Russia—not Germany! No, assuredly not, for softly there rose from above the voice of my nine-year-old, " 'Tis the land of the free and the home of the brave. . . ."

ELSIE BAKER ARGOW.

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## The Study Table

### Ethical Culture and Mr. Chubb

It has long been a "self-denying ordinance" in the Fraternity of Ethical Leaders—which the present writer is hesitantly disobeying for once, at the behest of UNITY—that the members shall not review one another's books. Another unwritten law is that they shall not write would be authoritative works on the Ethical Culture Movement,—they may write only personal statements. Mr. Percival Chubb's new book, "On the Religious Frontier,"* adheres strictly and obviously to the rule; it is very emphatically a personal statement. But this only helps to give it the more human and appealing a character, and at the same time it illustrates the combined unity and tolerance of the fraternity. For all Mr. Chubb's colleagues will feel greatly warmed and heartened by it, and yet there is not one of them perhaps but would dissent from this or that among its contentions.

It is a personal statement in that it professes simply to tell what it has meant to Mr. Chubb to be identified with the Ethical Movement, and in particular as leader of the St. Louis Ethical Society, which post he has now held for twenty years. There, "on the frontier" in more senses than one, for he has been our outpost furthest west, he has had to think out the meaning of an Ethical Society in terms of the religious needs of a given group, largely German-American, of unchurched people. And in the light of his experience certain aspects of the movement stand out as being characteristic beyond all others. These are its provision of a non-creedal fellowship and practice, its continuity with historic trends of thought, its encouragement of personal or group effort to beat out of the experience of moral striving a better philosophy (and therefore religion) for life.

The book is remarkable for certain purposeful omissions. For instance, Mr. Chubb all but ignores the record of the movement in the matter of public service. Here are societies which initiated the neighborhood-house movement in America, tenement-house reform, Legal Aid, "workers' education," (in the same

* "On the Religious Frontier," by Percival Chubb. New York. The Macmillan Company. Pp. vii, 148. $1.50.

period as Miss Wald) the visiting nurse movement, the agitation to abolish child labor, the establishment of free kindergartens, the use of manual training in grade schools, and many other major school reforms that are now a matter of course; and which societies are still an originative force in the field of education. Mr. Chubb himself played an important part in the middle period of this work; but he has nothing to say about it. He wants his readers to fasten rather on quite other reasons for an Ethical Society's existence and propaganda.

Again, some other writer would probably have related the fact that the Ethical Movement was started by a group of unsynagogued Jews who sought nevertheless to go on sanctifying, in non-theological terms, the great moral occasions of life, and to preserve, increase, and help universalize, their noble racial tradition of social beneficence. Mr. Chubb puts these origins on one side. When he was reborn spiritually into the Ethical Movement, he came trailing quite other clouds of glory. He knew his Emerson, who was in those days—and perhaps is still—more read in England than in America; he knew his Channing and Parker; his blood throbbed with the moral affirmations of Carlyle, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold; he had hobnobbed with William Morris, listened to Sidgwick and Seeley, and sat in spirit at the feet of Green. To him the Ethical Movement, as he first met with it in England, was a fructifying of seeds planted by the earlier of such men, by English Christian Socialism, by German Idealism, by American Democracy: it had a place in history, in religious evolution. The moral genius and exigent intellectual exactitude of Felix Adler had given definition and form to a trend which had perhaps been inchoate or sentimental before him, but the trend was there. Anyway, Mr. Chubb's own affiliation he sees as due to it, and hence he offers the hospitability of the movement to any and all who can find in it the fulfilment of a promise made in many ways. And he sees a multitude of such, amongst the disillusioned and the young, who have no moral anchorage, and yet crave one which they can have without intellectual capitulations.

What mainly concerns Mr. Chubb is that the Ethical Movement provides the pattern of a religious fellowship of such a sort that, were it to disappear tomorrow, and again and again in future history, it would almost inevitably from age to age be re-invented. For there will surely continue, and perhaps increasingly, to be those who wish for a fellowship in devotion to moral betterment of self and society which shall accept man's essential spirituality and therefore claim to reverence and solicitude, but shall practice no exclusiveness through a group affirmation or denial of one or another philosophical explanation. Such a fellowship will enjoin the least common multiple of tacit belief, not at all because it fears dissensions, but because it sees a greatest common measure, and that an overflowing one, of spiritual satisfaction in devotion to righteousness for righteousness' sake. Its adherents will get together, not to fight doctrinal battles, or to practice exercises from which some may revolt, but to sit by the fire of common aspiration, join in a common effort to reinterpret in terms of the modern world the ethical insights of the past, and share in the common task of progressively bettering human relationships, because to do that is the highest task they know. Necessarily (to continue in homely terms) there will be a threshold; he who would wish to insist on praying publicly in the group to God, equally with him whose delight is to scoff, must leave such habit or idiosyncracy on the doormat. Obviously for the most part only persons who wish neither for such prayer nor for scoffing will be greatly attracted; but those will care who have retained—or have won—the ancient longing to "wash and be clean," even though every ancestral dogma and observance have gone by the board; and who are humble enough and socially-minded enough to want the help and quickening of fellowship rather than to hug an eremitic goodness each in his separate cell.

All this will have to one or another reader a pleasantly familiar sound. There are liberal churches today which are, in Mr. Chubb's sense, Ethical Societies, and nought else. That there are such churches is only a further evidence of the trend by which Mr. Chubb found himself carried into our movement, and for which the movement first and for long provided the only sort of concretion and exemplification. "On the Religious Frontier" will delight such readers, and its splendid youthfulness, its dynamic appeal, its stirring affirmations of moral hope and joy, will surely stay in their course others who have fled towards the confusions of the wilderness, and to whom the book is particularly addressed. That these may be the more persuaded to read it, the reviewer has purposely avoided making a systematic summary here, or quoting—though much tempted—this or that eloquent passage. Equally he has refrained from expressing his occasional dissents. This is no time or place for them. Rather let him now retire with due grace, not to emerge too readily again, behind the beforementioned understanding that we Ethical folk shall leave the praise or criticism of our books to less partial hands than our own.

G. E. O'Dell.

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### The West Discovers Zoroaster

One of the most amazing things to a student of comparative religion is the realization of how much religion owes to Zoroaster and how little credit he has received for his pioneer work.

Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism were greatly colored by the ethical concepts and apocalyptic ideas of the Prophet of Iran but the only recognition Zoroastrianism has received in the West is the naming of our electric light bulbs after Zoroaster's god, Ahura Mazda.

The available literature in English about Zoroaster and his religion is very limited and all students of religion will welcome the addition to it of Dr. Dawson's new book.* It is the first book to treat, with anything approaching adequacy, the ethical and social sides of Zoroastrianism. It is too brief and too popularly phrased to become the final treatise on those phases of the subject, but it does make an admirable introduction to the field.

In this review we wish to present first some general and adverse criticisms and then an appreciation of the value of the volume.

The book has lost much from the fact that Dr. Dawson has not properly evaluated the sources. There is a vast difference in historical value between the early Gathas or Psalms which are by most scholars attrib-

"The Ethical Religion of Zoroaster," by Miles Menander Dawson. Published by the Macmillan Company.

uted to Zoroaster himself, and the later Scriptures such as the Vendidad, the Nasks, and the Yasts. The farther away we get from the early Scriptures, the more we find the original teachings of Zoroaster embroidered upon by pious disciples. The general impression made upon the reader by Dr. Dawson's quotations is that everything contained in the Zend Avesta is of equal value and the author proves his points by quotations from all parts of the Zoroastrian Scriptures indiscriminately. This is not always true but it is often enough the case to justify the assertion that the book may be criticized for its scholarship.

The dating of Zoroaster, which is commented upon in an introductory section of the book, is also open to criticism. Dr. Dawson seems to incline toward the earlier dates and evidently gives some historical credence to the astonishing assertion in the Greek classics that he lived about 6,000 years B. C., when most scholars know that dating is due to a mistake. It deserves no more credence than the sublimely impossible assertion of the Theosophists that Zoroaster lived 20,000 years B. C. The Zoroastrian tradition itself placed the beginning of the prophet's public teaching 272 years before the death of Alexander the Great, which, since Zoroaster began to teach at about his thirtieth year, would definitely place the birth of Zoroaster at 660 B. C. and his death at 583 B. C. The two greatest authorities, Casartelli and Jackson, made careful research on this point, and finally adopted as correct the traditional date of B. C. 660-583. Consequently, Dr. Dawson's assertion that "Zoroaster lived at least several centuries earlier than . . . Budda and Confucius" is open to serious question.

A third criticism which might be offered is that such a book, to be of value to scholars or even to the general public, should contain a comprehensive index.

One interesting feature of the book is four pages of parallelisms between Zoroastrian writings and Jewish and Christian Scriptures, but this feature is robbed of much of its value by the fact that the quotations are not identified by allocation to the several sources.

There is an interesting note at the bottom of pages x. and xi. of the introduction concerning the ignorance of Nietzsche about Zoroastrianism. Popularly, the fact that Nietzsche wrote "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is taken to indicate that Nietzsche was quoting Zoroaster, which was the Persian word for Zarathustra. This footnote of Dr. Dawson's might well have been expanded into a small chapter, for the book purports to give the ethical religion of Zoroaster, and it needs to be pointed out that the ethics of Zoroastrianism and those of Nietzsche are as far apart as the poles.

But the positive value of the book outweighs all these criticisms which have been offered. It is of value, if only for the fact that hitherto the theological side of Zoroaster's work has been presented to the Western world but the exceedingly important social and ethical side of his religion has been sadly neglected.

Dr. Dawson divides his book into sections, treating the subject by ethical sub-divisions such as the rights of the following, "Fellow-Men," "Ordinary Man," "Infidel Foes," "The Married," "The Sexes," "The Land," "The Herd," "The Dog," etc., etc. This approach is refreshing to the students of Zoroastrianism who have been familiar only with the usual treatises, biographical and theological. The sub-divisions which Dr. Dawson uses are necessarily somewhat overlapping and a little repetition results, but it should be said that a very fine piece of work has been done on a very difficult subject.

It is well that Dr. Dawson has devoted a whole chapter entitled "The Liar is the Direst Enemy" to a recognition of Zoroaster's pioneer work in emphasizing the importance of truth and the dangers of falsehood. Bear in mind that primitive civilizations, especially those of a pastoral background, are inclined to regard deceit as one of the admirable qualities of the good man. Remember that there is no "Thou shalt not lie" in the Mosaic Ten Commandments, and that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were accomplished liars and that the Lord prospered them abundantly.

Zoroaster's teaching was largely centered around the personification of the virtues. The heavenly beings were Ahura Mazda, the Lord of Wisdom; Vohu Manah, Good Thought; Asha, Righteousness; Kshathra, Power; Armaiti, Piety; Haurvatat, Health; and Ameretat, Immortality. These personified virtues became the guardian spirits of Zoroastrianism.

A student of Zoroastrianism is rather surprised to find that one of the four main points of Zoroaster's teaching was phrased in the four words "Marry your nearest relative." It does not seem to us an ethical precept, but it was a very important point in Zoroastrianism in the endeavor to keep the line of descent pure. Dr. Dawson treats this contested point adequately and explains also the large emphasis placed in Zoroastrianism on the protection of pregnant females of both animals and humankind, and gives an admirable exposition of the attitude of Zoroaster toward temperance which might well be called to the attention of some American Prohibitionists.

One hails this book as a welcome indication of an awakening interest in Zoroastrianism among Westerners. Let us hope that it is the advance guard of a number of treatises in this hitherto neglected field.

CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER.

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# Correspondence

### Needed!—A Social-Economic Program

Editor of UNITY:

Churches are increasingly becoming conscious of the necessity of reforms in the economic life of society, not only because of the ever pressing sense of unfulfilled social justice—which generally hovers in the background—but more because the present economic depression nearly amounts to a breakdown of our economic system, hitherto complacently taken for granted. And several other denominations, not as liberal as we in the theological field, seem ahead of us in seeing the dangers for society in letting things drift along, as well as for the churches in leaving it to outsiders to advocate changes which promise a better, and more just, economic order. Organized religion is bankrupt when its social ethics run below par.

Churches are made up of human beings and exhibit both in their spirit and forms a good deal of the spirit and forms of their times, with a tendency to lean backward even in some matters. And the usual tendency of those in human society who profit from contemporary forms of economic and social life to use their economic and other power to hinder any changes inimical to their narrow interest, is also found in the attitude of many of them when acting as church members. Examples of this are too well known to need mention here.

One of the great glories of religion is its conviction that

the things that are just (and true, good beautiful, etc.) are also the more abiding and more profitable to all in the long run. And this conviction has exceedingly often inspired men, themselves belonging to the privileged classes, to be leaders and followers in reformatory movements, sometimes at great risk to themselves and certainly involving losses to them in the narrow sense. They felt it as the will of God, or as something that ought to be done, and they acted on it.

Churches have often talked movingly of the hard lot of the toilers, of almsgiving, of mercy and good will, and in modern times of social justice, with some recent instances of actual going in to correct glaring abuses. But most often they left the working out of the different parts of a social program to other agencies, while the church's task was to be a powerhouse from which would issue men and women of dynamic good will to man these agencies. Much has been done this way, but not enough; the world would not have been in the hole today if this attitude of the churches had been sufficient for the task.

Why should not the church have a definite social-economic program to study, amend, and put out its power and influence to realize? The prophets of Israel had it, and the ethical development of that religion—and therefore its survival—was a direct product of the prophetic attitude in this matter. That some men in the churches would oppose it, should be no excuse, for so do a number of church members to the present day oppose programs of churches for disarmament, joining the World Court, prohibition, and many other things.

Men have always suffered under unjust economic and social conditions, and just now the sufferings are widespread and acute. The maladjustment has gone too far. Thousands of banks have closed; others are closing, millions of men have lost their savings and their homes, and business men the capital on which to continue. Many millions are unemployed, hopeless, miserable, and in a mood of sullen anger against the way of life. The church must have a message for the world of real hope. The going from glory to glory must include economic life. The Kingdom of God must again be a reality on earth, and not just a hope deferred.

May I propose for discussion the following points in a program, that I think the churches should take up.

As a preamble it should be stated, that there should be *no hatred* and *no violence* in the struggle to carry through the program. To a great extent men are what they are because conditions and forces outside their choice formed them so, so why hate a man for doing, what I might have done, had I been born and brought up in his surroundings. And hatred distorts the truth. So the religious sentiment against hatred is good also on this field, where the provocation to hate is strong. And in a country like ours, where each man and woman has a vote, there should be no need for violence.

Since modern industrial society is very complex, much suffering has come to both employers and employees from unevenness in production. Order and efficiency on at least a national scale is needed, so the churches should demand first:

1) A National Economic Board.

   This has been brought forward by a number of industrialists and economists, and in spite of the manifest political difficulties it should be on the program. Economic considerations have always played a role in politics—since the advent of political liberty even a dominating role—so it is both wise and morally right now to use for the good of society as a whole what has hitherto been used too much for the few. A board with adequate powers to make a survey of our national resources (natural, man- and machine-power) and another of our fundamental needs (food, shelter, clothing, etc.) and then make a national production budget with the necessary apportionments. This would anyway be better than the present chaotic, unrestricted production by anyone who sees, or thinks he sees, profit in production, no matter what others are doing.

2) Hours of labor should be gradually shortened as experience recommends, until all available labor has been absorbed into the production system (production here meaning useful labor). Since it is best for both the individual and society that every fit individual should do his share of useful work, society must make possible work for each person, and with the increasing use of labor-saving machines and devices, hours should be shortened as needed.

3) Recompense for labor should be gradually raised, until the population as a whole would be able to buy the total production.

4) Old Age Pension for all citizens who have honorably done their share of work through their working age.

5) In order to correct the glaring inequalities of wealth now existing the program should include:

   a) A Net Income Tax, graduated with increasing percentage upwards and becoming confiscatory at a certain point. It should be remembered that only in very rare cases can it be said that the service rendered by an individual to society is worth millions, and that the rate of pecuniary award is not at all a measure of its social value.

   b) An Inheritance Tax on the same principle, but becoming confiscatory at a far lower point.

6) Gradual Decrease of the Tariff in agreement with other nations, until international trade would be free and untrammeled.

7) United States should join the World Court and the League of Nations and take part in all efforts for international peace and order. These institutions would be more efficient and could better be reformed if our country was a member.

The Christian Church and its Jewish mother had long an earthly ideal of life, the Kingdom of God. Why should not the churches try to realize the essential parts of this program in a modern way?

OSWALD E. HELSING

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## The United States Should Recognize Russia

Editor of UNITY:

In refusing to recognize Russia, America has acted like a languid woman who lies comfortably in bed and who closes her eyes at anything unpleasant which might occur. This lady has turned on her side to have another nap before seeing about taking care of the new kitten, which has just arrived. She is sleeping too long, for while she dreams lazily, the kitten is working, running, growing, and soon may no longer want to be cared for.

A statement issued by the Supreme Council on February 24, 1920, reads thus:

"The Allies cannot enter into domestic relations with the Soviet Government, in view of their past experiences, until they have arrived at the conviction that the Government at Moscow is ready to conform its methods and diplomatic conduct to those of all civilized governments."

Many changes have occurred in the past twelve years, but the United States still maintains that the Russian government is not stable. Although the Russian people are coming steadily to the front, although they are acquiring much of the European trade, although they are instituting one of the greatest reforms in the history of the world, the lady listlessly declares that the kitten does not walk well yet, turns over, and begins napping again. Last year Germany's trade with America fell off forty per cent, while Russia had forty per cent more trade with Germany. We can see, then, that Russia is becoming a big industrial center, but the United States does not recognize Russia. Americans call the Russians sacrilegious because they tear down superficially ornamented cathedrals in order to form schools and homes. The people of Russia are being educated, and are throwing away individual living for the sake of a glorious ideal; however, America does not recognize Russia. Dr. Bohn, who recently visited the Soviet republic, pleads with America for a helpful, kindly attitude toward Russia and for recognition of it. He predicts that within the next five or six years, Russia will be one of the outstanding countries of the world. America does not listen to these exhortations; she is so busy hearing the arguments of egotistical, self-interested capitalists, who want to protect their own interests, that she cannot hear the voice of the people.

Wake up, Lady America. Your drugged eyes must open; spring out of bed. The kitten is testing its muscles and is becoming a spirited, quick-witted cat. Don't let it scratch long on the screen, for soon it may seek other shelter leaving you with your dangerous bed and hypocritical attendants.

BERTHA MAE KRUGER (15 years old)

*Wichita Falls, Texas.*

(*Continued from page* 18)

gation coming to the platform, and depositing a paper-ballot in a box. Five tellers did the counting while the Conference took a recess.

* * *

*The American Church,* Dr. Everett Smith, rector, has shown a fine spirit in turning over its centrally located building for useful purposes during the Conference. There will be every morning a service of prayer, an hour's forum of problems before the Conference of the day previous, and many committees. The program—which will be promoted "for the Conference"—will be in charge of a dozen international organizations with headquarters in Geneva, like the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the World's Alliance, the Quakers, the Student's Federation.

* * *

*Bombs Bursting in Air.* While the President was speaking, the bombs of war were speaking louder in China. What was the effect? Double. First, the thought: what's the use? General depression. After that, the swing of the mind to the other pole. This war-madness requires new treatment! *We must have peace methods* that are better, by far. The Conference is thus like a conference of firemen, held in the presence of an inextinguishable conflagration, and say the firemen, we must invent *new methods.* Bombs in China may turn these sinning, helpless nations to inventions for extinguishing war, which mean *real peace!*

* * *

*"Abstract subjects."* At a Church assembly, London, a resolution on disarmament was introduced out of the ordinary course by the Bishop of Litchfield. Mr. E. W. Crossley, a delegate, lamented the incursion of a motion on an "abstract subject."

* * *

*A smile* went round the newspaper gallery when there was a call for the vote of the delegate from "Great Britain and North of Ireland."

* * *

*The Soviet* delegates sit in the last row of seats, due to the fact that sittings are arranged alphabetically.

* * *

*"Security* is a question that primarily concerns France," remarked a lecturer at the American Church. This is misleading. France does demand "security," but equally do America and England, where similarly affected, as for example at Suez and Panama.

* * *

*France's Proposal* by Tardieu has set the world talking. The Conference on Friday was about to adjourn, when he quietly walked up the aisle, and handed the President a paper, which he remarked contained the Proposal of the French delegation. That was all. Many excellent items in it. It is a remarkable leap into internationalism. The League of Nations would by it be invested with the authority for commanding sufficient military force, to police the world and put down an aggressor. All major implements of war would be placed in the hands of the League. Personally, I cannot conceive of the larger nations consenting to this kind of military power in control of the League. If there is to be an international control-body, it would have to be a new one, or a much revised League. I have been watching the Council of the League, which is the business-end of the League, and I can mention half a dozen features of it that make it well nigh impossible to function in the interests of justice and humanity. The Council is controlled by the "Big Five" nations—and thus far apart from some excellent social work and surveys, with settlement of a few minor scraps, its work has been in the interests of business and imperialism, nailing down titles and providing sanctions. These five delegates—France, Britain, Japan, Italy, Germany—can easily touch toes under the table, and their chief work for ten years has been to execute the legacy left by the nefarious Treaty of Versailles. I except Germany. I saw this Council handle the case of Liberia yesterday. Robert Cecil is head of an investigation of Liberia. It is difficult for me to determine whether as the representative of Britain, he is most concerned over a loan, or rubber, or slavery. I wish my intelligent friend, Frederick Starr, were here, I should know. The League as it is organized has already too much power to suit me, and things were so fixed by the clever politicians at Versailles that it is almost incapable of revision. For an international parliament of all nations in which equal respect was paid to big and little members of the family alike I should vote for with both hands. It would also need to be free from the injustices inherited from the war. The League is not "international" because many nations are members, any more than the Holy Alliance was "holy," because so-called. Tardieu's proposal is not for disarmament, but for transfer of control.

* * *

*Field Day for Public Opinion.* February 6th will be long remembered as the day when the people were given their inning before a plenary session of the Conference. This I understand was a privilege never granted before. Mr. Henderson was friendly to the idea. Also, Miss Woolley—on the Petitions Committee—helped it along. Tally one for the woman delegate. And, they came from the east and the west, representing as many nations as will gather at the judgment-seat. They were given two full hours. All addresses were first submitted to the Committee.

Miss Dingman, an American, was the first to speak. She represented 15 international women's societies, with 45,000,000 members, who desired security and disarmament. The only way out of the present tragedy was upward. "You are responsible to the peoples of the world." As she closed, 60 or 70 women, representing as many nations came forward, bearing petitions that had signatures—in all 8,300,674—that had been gathered with toil, in South Africa, Chile, Canada, Greece, Turkey, Sweden, France, etc.—all calling for disarmament, and relief from fear and greed. What a procession! They put all the petitions down at the feet of the president. . . Afterward Miss Dingman, a woman representing the women of the Catholic Church, spoke.

Then spoke H. Muller, a German, who represented the international Christian organizations, with headquarters in Geneva: the Universal Council, the World's Alliance, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Students' Federation, the Friends, the Fellowship of Reconciliation. In their name, he called earnestly for a drastic reduction, on the ground that war was incompatible with the mind of Christ.

Mr. Green, from Yale, spoke for the youth of the world, while Robert Cecil represented the League of Nations Unions. The latter received a round of applause from the delegates, many of whom knew him personally. He laid before them as a concrete proposal what is known as the Budapest resolutions, whose chief feature is equality between the victors and defeated. Also, he said, "security and disarmament must go hand in hand."

Mr. Vandervelde represented the organized workers of the world. He was listened to with great attention, and approval. He also asked for a removal of inequality. "The workers are rising against war and demand disarmament. War is a loathsome cancer to all workers. If disarmament is not brought about, they will refuse to fight."

President Henderson seemed to be much moved by the demonstration. He expressed astonishment over the great work of the women in gathering the mountain of petitions at his feet. Verily, the people of earth had spoken. He hoped that the women would have a deepened interest in the Conference, that their labor may not be in vain. He promised that they would receive the serious consideration of the delegates.

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